An humble Remonstrance of the BATCHELORS, *in and about* LONDON, *to the Honourable House, in Answer to a late Paper, Intituled* A Petition of the LADIES for HUSBANDS.

Gentlemen,

YOu are the Sanctuary of the oppressed? and 'tis natural for the Subject when ever he finds himself unjustlie treated, to fly to his representatives for a redress. You that have so effectuallie mortified *Arbitrary Power* even in a great Monarch, will certainly never cherish it in a lower station: and this inclines us to hope that the Ladies will not find that Encouragement at your hands which their vanity prompted them to expect; though their Petition to you speaks in a very submissive Stile; yet for all that they can assume a different sort of language in other places. There they not only dispute the Superioritie with the Men, but even pretend to the Right of *Conquest* over them for *their Grand mother Eve*, they say, *triumphed over the wickedness of our great Grand father* Adam *in Paradise*; And no doubt on't had insisted upon that Article before you, but that your House last week so punish'd the unpallatable Doctrine of Conquest, to disarm them of this illegal pretence, which is prejudicial to the Liberty and Privilege of our Sex, we have examined all the old Records, but cannot find the least appearance to colour such a Plea. At present we shall dismiss this point to descend into the particulars of their Petition, and leave it to you at last to decide the Controversie now depending between us.

They complain that the Holy State of Matrimony, has of late years been very irreverently spoken of, that it has been rhymed to death in Sonnet, and murdered *in Effigie* upon the Stage. Now we would not be guilty of that ill breeding, to say that the Ladies all along found the Matter, and the Satyrest only found the Words. However we are assured from all hands, that those persons who have taken the greatest pains to expose that Holy State, were all of 'em married (to prove which we could name a famous Abdicating Poet, if we were minded) and we hope the Ladies don't expect we should either defend or condemn them till we are married our selves, and consequently in a capacity to judge on which side the Truth lies. At present we know no more of Matrimony, than a meer Land-man knows of the

Sea, every Gazette tells him of abundance of Wrecks; but for all that he'll venture to Sea in hopes of making 50 *Per Cent*, by exchanging of his Commodities.

But to make amends for this melancholy Scene, they very devoutly thank Heaven in the next place, that their Sex found the benefit of the Clergy, when the Laity had a manner abandoned them. Pray, Gentlemen, observe what returns of gratitude the Ladies have made their best and surest Card: the Church-men for their loving Kindness. One wou'd have thought they might at least have allowed their Friends the first Choise of the Vintage; 'tis no more than what the *French* do to the *Scots* Merchants at *Bourdeaux*, out of respect to their old Alliance; but we find no such thing. Old super-annuated House-keepers, with a Maiden-head defunct, and Farmers Daughters, are the best presents they give the poor Church; so that on this Account serve the Christian Parsons, as their Predecessors, the pagan Priests, did their Deities, who used to complement *Jupiter* with the Guts and Garbidge, and reserved the remainder of the Bullock for themselves. After all, whether this happens by their own Fault, or no, the Levites are made but a civiler sort of Scavengers to carry off the Dust and Rubbish of the Sex, so that the Ladies may spare their thanks to them if they please; for 'tis we of the Laity only that are in their debt for this great Civility.

After this, Gentlemen, the Ladies are pleased to avouch, that if it had not been for a certain damnd Liquor call Wine, the Men by the meer Impulse of nature had been long since reduced to their Duty. Here by the word *Duty*, they plainly insinuate a Conquest; and therefore we humbly beg that their petition may be sent to the Palace-Yard, and there served *secundum usum sarum*. In the mean time, 'tis a mystery to us what makes the Ladies rent their spleen so furiously upon our Wine, which by the bye never meant the least harm in its Life to the God of Lov's Subjects, unless they intend to monopolize all the drinking to themselves; or else since their Sex has been so familiar with Brandy, blasphemed by the name of cold Tea, a Jury of red nosed Midwives have pronounced Wine to be a feeble, impotent Creature in comparison of that. They wonder why the Men should scruple to marry out of fear of Cockoldom, and yet not scruple to drink thumm'd Wine for fear of a Fever. To which we Reply that the Case is extremely different. Not one Man in an hundred gets a Fever by drinking; at the same time, scarce one in an hundred that is married escapes *Cuckoldom*. And Gentlemen, is not that great Odds?

They wou'd have you pass it into a Law, that every Man should be obliged to marry immediately after twenty one; and in case he refuses so to do, to pay a good round *Summ* yearly for his Liberty: though we are all of us agreed that One and Twenty is somewhat of the soonest to begin at. For why should a man be forbidden to travel upon the Road, unless he sets out exactly at sunrising; yet out of Complaisance to the Ladies, we are willing to let it pass, though we are certain that half the Racers will be foundered before Thirty, provided always (and to be sure, they will never mistake the word, either in an Act of Parliament, or out of an Act of Parliament) that all Virgins or reputed Virgins, who are passed the Age of One and Twenty, and have wherewithal to set up some honest, well-chined younger Brother, but tarry in expectation of a striking a Country-Squyer or Alderman's Son, shall be likewise amerced the same Summ for their Maiden-heads. The Ladies perhaps will here object that 'tis hard to be taxed for an invisible Estate? but we say, No. We can name them a hundred Tradesmen here in the City, that since

ſince the Revolution have paid for what they never had; thoſe for inſtance that have been rated at 400 *l.* when they were not really worth one; and yet ſo valuable a thing is Reputation, whether we deſerve it or no, loſt nothing by the Bargain.

They would have none excluded from Marriage, but only the impotent and *frigid* (which by the bye, Gentlemen is fully as ſevere as if you ſhould vote that all muſt troop to the Wars but the Parſons) and deſire you to erect a Court in every County, conſiſting of half a ſcore experienced Matrons, who ſhall have full Authority to examine all perſons whom they ſuſpect to carry clipped *Money* about them, for fear they ſhould put upon their Spouſes, when it is not in their power to change it. Pray not altogether ſo haſty, fair Ladies. Let your Court have ſome Men in it, and not all Women: Then we may expect to have Juſtice done to us; for experienced Matrons are too much a party concerned to be truſted by themſelves. We demand whether it be convenient that only Vintners, and Ale-Drapers ſhould have the ſole Right of determining Meaſures. Vintners never think the Meaſure ſmall enough; but it may ſo happen that your experienced Matrons, *Ladies*, your Midwives, may be of a different Opinion, and ſo think no Meaſure enough. Gentlemen, do but remember the Tryers under the late Reign of *Fanatiſm*; they were a parcel of inquiſitor Divines ſet up by the then no Government, to license all ſuch perſons that were to be diſpatched into the Vineyard. Now theſe conſcionciout Judges, if they had a Quarrel to a Man, certainly rejected him, and put him by, though perhaps he was Maſter of a more unexceptionable Talent than ſeveral others that had paſſed the Pulpit Maſter before them. This needs no Application.

They complain of the exceſſive multitude of Miſſes and Harlots in and about the Town, who, as they expreſs it, divert the Courſe of thoſe Streams that would otherwiſe run in the regular Channel of Matrimony. 'Tis a ſad Truth, we confeſs it, the number of theſe Interlopers is very grievous; and yet 'tis a ſad Truth that the Petitioning Ladies have occaſioned it. Let them but leave quarrelling about Jointures, and carry a little more Chriſtian Complaiſance about them, and the other Fry would diſappear in a moment: For Whores in a State are like Copper farthings in the way of Trade, only uſed for the Convenience of readier Change, but though theſe obdurate Females are really neceſſary to the greating eaſe of Miſſes, they would have every perſon of Quality who keeps one in his own Defence, pay a good ſwinging Fine to the Government. Is this reaſonable or fair? Would Governour *Walker*, do ye think, have done like a Gentleman if he had fined his Heroes of *London-Derry* for feeding on Horſe-fleſh, contrary to the *Statute*, when they had nothing elſe to help themſelves with. 'Tis the ſame in all Caſes where there is no choiſe, but down right neceſſity.

They would have you enact, ſince they find Wine is ſo potent a Rival, that none but married Men ſhall have the Priviledge of entering into a Tavern, that is modeſtly ſpeaking of being drunk. With all our Hearts, Gentlemen, provided always that none but married Women ſhall be licenſed to appear at the Theatre, Chocolet-houſe, *Whitehall* or the Park; or if they do, that any vigorous Cavalier ſhall have Liberty to carry them off, without incurring the Fate of poor Sir *John Johnſton*.

To preſent you at one view with the Merits of the Cauſe. The Ladies are weary of lying alone, and ſo are we: They would fain be advantageouſly married, and ſo would your humble Servants. The Quarrel therefore on their ſide is unjuſtly

begun. They look upon us to be their Adversaries, whereas we have the same kind inclinations to their Sex, as any of our Fore-fathers, the same Desires, the same Wishes, by the same Token we heartily believe they had equal Beauty, and equal, if not superiour, Charms to any of their Sex before them. But as in a long Tract of Time, Innovations cannot fail to start up; so the Ladies either presuming on their own Strength, or in the Inadvertancy of the Men, have trump'd up several new Doctrines upon us. A Courtship, as the Ladies are pleased to order it, is now the greatest Pennance any Man in the World can undergo. We must swear as many Oaths as would serve one of his Majesties highest Garisons for a twelve-month, till we are believed. We must treat them like Godesses, lie prostrate at their Feet, make presents so expensive and numerous, that perhaps wive's Portion will scarse make amends for what the Mistress extotted from us. Because *Jacob* could serve two Apprenticeships for his *Rachel*, they imagine that we must do the same; not considering that the Race of the *Methuselahs* and Patriarchs is quite extinct, and that this old Testament-Lover, were he in our Circumstances, who begin to decay at thirty, would have taken wiser and better Measures.

Gentlemen,

These are our Sentiments upon this Subject: And as we don't doubt the Justice of this Honourable House, so we little question but that our Cause will prevail; In a word, Let Law be encouraged, and Cruelty and Coyness be punished.

And your Petitioners as in Duty bound shall ever Pray.

LONDON,

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